

The



Refert

VOL. 1.

KEYSER, W. VA., MARCH 21, 1906.

No. 5

TWO VICTORIES.

"Say, fellows, have you seen the new lady principal yet?" burst out Ralph Cannock as he ran into a crowd of us assembled in "Peachy" Hampton's room the third day of the spring term.

"No", we all answered. "Has she come yet?" "What does she look like?" "When did she come?" and a half dozen other questions of like nature followed.

"Yes, she came day before yesterday," replied Ralph. "She's a peach, too, you just ought to see her; she's the best looking thing in that hen-faculty, and she's more of a spring chicken than the rest of them, too. I saw her yesterday just before I came up here. Betty had just shown me the new books in the library and we were on the side portico looking up the river when we saw Miss Turner—that's her name—coming across the lawn, making a bee-line for the door. I jumped inside right quick and hid behind the hall-rack in the corner. When she came up to Betty she began talking about everything under the sun and I thought she'd never go. But at last she came in and threw some books up on the seat of the rack and then I heard her office door open and shut. Then you ought to have seen me getting out of there. I made double quick time getting down to the road, I'll tell you. Betty told me that Miss Turner's sister had died and she had all black on and she looked fine, too. I hope she acts more sensibly than that other principal they had. But I guess "Old Phil" will be going down soon to talk to her about us and pump her full of "tom-rot." Say, there was a dandy looking girl came with Betty this term. Carrie Fields is her name and she's all right, too. I was talking to her awhile. Anna's back and so is Grace. Clara is not coming until next week; she's been out west and hasn't come home yet".

Then we talked about other things concerning our school and those who had not come back yet. The girls' school we had been talking of was the Emlin Seminary a short distance below us and across the river. Both it and our school, the Cadfield Academy, were on the banks of the Cadfield river although, on opposite sides and almost out of sight of each other. Ever since the opening of the

Seminary, two years before this story, there had been a friendly affinity between the two student bodies, for the town of Cadfield was a mile away from our school and we boys were never allowed to go there except on Saturdays and Sundays or by special permission through the school week. So naturally it was very lonesome before the Seminary was established, and it was with great delight that we received the glad news that another school was to be started near us.

When at last the Seminary was completed we all rowed down the river to attend the dedication. We found that already a good number of girls had arrived and learned that more were to come. We met only a few of them that day, but on the following Saturday several of us rowed down again at their invitation. We soon learned to know each other well and I confess that we carried things a little too far at first. What with boating, and strolling through Robin Grove near by, and little social gatherings now and then, our studies were somewhat neglected. But not until the following spring term was this pleasure interrupted. Then the weather was ideal, and outings and boating at night were too strong to withstand. Our seniors showed few signs of graduating with usual honors and the other classes were lagging beyond their wont. The girls reported frequent "cutting" of classes and things generally were on the decline.

For some time we had suspected our instructors of spying and secret consultations but we had unwisely disregarded them. At last Prof. Stillman, or "Old Phil", as we commonly called him, and Miss Riggs, the principal of the Seminary, were seen to consult together at times. Then one Monday morning, when a number of us were occupied by thoughts of a steamboat excursion up the river to Stony Falls and a return by moonlight, "Old Phil" said in chapel that he had a very important announcement to make. In a very few words he told us what almost congealed the blood in our veins. No more, he said, would communication be allowed between the two schools. This rule must be strictly adhered to and if it were violated a severe punishment would be inflicted. Blank looks were exchanged by us boys when he had finished, and all that day and the next small groups of boys

could be seen in animated conversation, which quickly dispersed when a professor appeared. Immediately we began to hatch out plans for outwitting the two faculties.

The second afternoon after the announcement, when all the under-teachers had left the building and "Old Phil" was in the library at the other end of the school, "Peachy" Hampton slipped into the office and called up the Emlin Seminary. We had stationed sufficient spies around to warn him of any approach of the enemy. When "Peachy" was connected with the other school he asked for Betty, one of the leaders among the girls, and asked her if the same condition of affairs existed in the Seminary as at the Academy. She had to be very brief and guarded in her replies for, as we learned later, Miss Riggs was in the office at the time, but after some time "Peachy" managed to arrange to meet her in Cadfield at the home of a friend on Saturday night. Another fellow and I went along with "Peachy" and there we found Betty and Clara Steinhurst. The girls had been planning ways to baffle the instructors as ardently as we and all were very much incensed at the new rule. Of course we arranged to communicate through the mail and when this was discovered and stopped we got on the good side of the postmaster at Cadfield and had our mail put in a separate box where we would get it every Saturday night. And then we arranged to meet in Cadfield on Saturday nights and in church on Sundays. Often several of us slipped through the windows in the dormitory at night and had fudge parties and taffy pullings on the sly. The girls all had handy curtains over their closet doors behind which some of us could hide if the matron should come around and we always left the windows open in case of an emergency. On Saturdays we would frequently go to Cadfield, buy a supply of provisions and take a steamer for a ride down the river or a picnic at Stony Falls. The only time we were permitted to meet the girls would be at a public recital of the music students at the Seminary or at any other entertainment of either school.

Many other ways furnished us opportunities for coming together. The second spring term we invented a new idea which was bolder than all others. The girls all bought boys' shirt-waists and almost everyone of us boys procured a full girl's outfit, consisting of a one-piece dress and a large white sunbonnet. The girls all instituted the fashion that spring of wearing white sunbonnets around the school and we boys all wore the large-brimmed ten cent straw hats; so when a boy wanted to take one of the fair sex from over the river boat riding he would either don his dress and sunbonnet and meet her at a bend in the river in her white sunbonnet, or she would put on her shirt-waist and a

large straw hat almost covering her head and when she got into the boat she would tuck her skirts in close and carelessly throw her companion's coat over her lap, covering her skirt. Then if a spying instructor should happen along the bank he would think it was merely two girls or two boys, whichever the case might be, and pass on.

In this way and others we outwitted the wary faculties and rarely ever were we caught. A few times, however, several crowds were discovered by Miss Riggs strolling in Robin Grove, but it was twilight and all escaped without their identity being found. On one occasion I ventured out walking in my feminine garb with Helen Rogers. We had gone for some distance up the Seminary bank of the river when, turning a bend, we almost bumped into Miss Willard, the art teacher, who was returning from a sketching ramble. Luckily the light was fading and she could not see into the deep recesses of our bonnets. She stopped to exchange a few words with us but I let Helen do the answering and we hastened on as soon as possible. I shortened my steps and tried to imitate Helen in walking, but when we were out of Miss Willard's sight she let out peal after peal of laughter at my failure.

Our favorite retreat in our time of dismay was a place at the farther end of Robin Grove where the ground suddenly sloped behind a cliff into a long shady valley, which we called Secret Nook. The instructors of the Seminary never invaded this far in the grove and the men folks on the other side never crossed the river except for special purposes. So here at least we were safe. Often in the afternoons after lessons were over a number of us boys would take the skiffs and boats and after rowing up the river for a short distance we would land on the other side and cross the hill and go down into Secret Nook where the girls would already be. Then we would have a genuinely good time. Generally the girls brought lunches and after playing games and romping about, we would enjoy the eating near a little spring which we discovered at the upper end of the valley.

(To be continued)

Will Herbert please let us know "if he wants any help."

Wanted—To know why the Y. M. C. A. delegates at Parkersburg thought "Bill" was a married man.

Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" has been selected for the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. play. Parts have been assigned and work will begin early next term.

ATHLETIC.

The organization of the base-ball team has not yet been effected; but from present indications we shall have a team organized at the beginning of the spring term that will be superior to any we have ever had heretofore.

Lonaconing 38. W. V. P. 3.

It is with sorrow and reluctance that we write of the disastrous defeat of our basket-ball team Saturday night, March 10th, in the W. V. P. gymnasium.

Although we had hardly dared hope that our team would be able to win against such a heavy and high class team as the Lonaconing first team, we had hoped to make a somewhat better score than that which was made. Our boys were playing on the defensive, which accounts for the small score of the W. V. P. The best of feeling between the teams prevailed throughout the entire game.

Lonaconing 22. W. V. P. 12.

A very interesting and exciting game of basket ball was played at Lonaconing Saturday evening between the Olympian club, of Lonaconing, and the senior team of the W. V. P.

The W. V. P. team was disabled very much through the inability of Clyde McDowell and Joe Spicer to play. Nevertheless, they put up a good game and evidently would have won had the Lonaconing team not changed players between halves. They took out two players of the first half and put in two Seniors who were heavier and better players. The teams were evenly matched in weight and playing qualities until the change was made. This is shown by the fact that at the end of the first half the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of Lonaconing. The two Seniors that Lonaconing used in the second half made more points than the rest of the team throughout the entire game.

The game was void of any disturbance whatever and the best of order prevailed.

LINE UP.

LONACONING.		W. V. P.	
Rider.....	forward.....	Menefee	
Pollock.....	".....	Pifer	
McKenty.....	} center.....	Boyd	
Martin.....			
Stevenson.....	guard.....	Arnold	
Welse.....	} ".....	Barrickman	
Abbott.....			

Trenton and White W. V. P. subs. Goals from field, Rider 2, Pollock 1, McKenty 3, Welsh 3, Ab-

bott 2, Menefee 1, Pifer 2, Boyd 2. Goals from fouls, Pifer 2. Mulledy, referee; Hodgson, umpire; Stevenson, time keeper; Nichol, scorer. Time of halves, 15 and 20 minutes.

On Tuesday night, Mar. 13, a crowd of W. A. Barrickman's friends gave him a surprise party in honor of his twenty-fourth birthday, at the home of Prof. Saunders. When the students reached the house they gave a school yell and made a rush for the front door. The affair proved entirely unknown to "Bill" and he was almost overwhelmed by the surprise, so that he had to excuse himself from the company to gain his equilibrium and a collar. When he entered the parlor he found the table covered with "five and ten cent gifts," enough, as he said "to start a department store." Later he was presented with a handsome set of military and clothes brushes from the crowd. When all were settled Mrs. Saunders handed around paper and pencil for each person to write as many words as possible from the name of the guest of honor. Fred Koelz received the prize for this contest. Then the guests were told to guess the object represented by different pictures placed around the room. Homer Hott was awarded the prize as the winner. After this contest the guests were invited to the dining room where a delicious supper awaited them. A cake decorated with candles rested in the centre of the table. By means of this the Preps. have another pleasant affair to look forward to, for "Bill" blew out all the candles. After supper more games were played and at midnight all departed with congratulations and expressions of enjoyment.

We are sorry to say that on account of the negligence of the students who promised to write the "Zekiad" for this month it is lacking. We hoped to have a good production this time, but were disappointed. Nevertheless, it will appear next month.

The last meeting of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. Associations for the winter term was held Friday night, March 16, and the following officers were elected for the spring term.

For the Y. M. C. A.:

President, W. A. Barrickman; Vice Pres., Ernest Pifer; Secretary, Mr. E. L. Anderson; Treasurer, Herbert White; Advising officer, Mr. Jas. W. Horn.

For the Y. W. C. A.:

President, Nellie Johnson; Vice President, Hattie Wilson; Secretary, Emile Coffroth; Treasurer, Helen Babb; Advising Officer, Mrs. Haught.

THE REFERT.

[Entered at the Postoffice in Keyser. W. Va., as second class matter.]

Published by
The Literary Societies of the Keyser Preparatory School.
—PRINTED BY THE KEYSER TRIBUNE—

Issued on the Third Wednesday in Each School Month.

Literary Editors—Chas. Ritchie, Fred Koelz.
Business Managers—Joe Grubb, Homer Hott.

SUBSCRIPTION, 25 CENTS A SCHOOL YEAR.

Will our students never learn the difference between biographies and essays? Almost every Friday night the persons on for essays in Literary Society read a paper on some personage, dead or living, and when they sit down nothing has been heard but dry facts and dates on the life of the subject of the paper. It is very easy to go to an encyclopedia, hunt out a well known name, copy down the date of birth, entrance to college, graduation, marriage and death, a few of his productions, if an author, or some works in his life, and then read them off for an essay. But this is not an essay. The audience is bored by such a reading. An essay is a paper composed by original thoughts and opinions on a subject. If a man or woman is taken as a subject, the writer should expound his thoughts and opinion on the life and character of the person; tell the good and evil resulting from his life. This, when fitted together in good english and a good style, makes an essay. Another thing essential to a good essay is the selection of a subject. The writer should select a subject suited to his taste and ability. Every two persons cannot write on the same subject; they have not had the same training and do not think along the same line, perhaps. If more consideration were used in preparing an essay, when it is read the listeners would not be seen fidgeting in their seats, talking to others, yawning, looking out the windows or occupying themselves with other things, and all the time wishing for the performer to cease grinding out "dry-bones."

The beginning of the spring term of school is almost here. This is the term when a great many new students enroll, in fact it is the busiest term of the year. Now, a large percentage of the students enrolled for the spring term are boys and girls from the country; boys and girls who are not accustomed to the ways of town life. Yet, nevertheless, they may have the very qualities that go to make up true manhood and womanhood; the qualities that constitute the character of an ideal student. Then we, as older students of the school, as stu-

dents who are more accustomed to the ways of school life, should have a careful consideration for the feelings of this class. We should try to make their stay at the "Prep" as pleasant as possible by all the little deeds of kindness and words of welcome that we are able to manifest towards them. None but him who has had experience can realize the loneliness of an uncultured, but perhaps bright country boy when surrounded by a hundred or more students who seem utterly oblivious to his presence. As he looks upon the multitude of strange faces around him he experiences a feeling of loneliness far more depressing than that which comes to a lone traveler separated far from any human habitation. Few can realize the feeling of gratitude that the forlorn boy feels toward the student who speaks a kind word to him and tries to make him feel at home in our school.

In almost every school there is a class of students who seem to think they cannot appear great in the eyes of the other students unless they are continually tormenting some boy who has a timid and rustic appearance. They seem to think that their own enjoyment may be augmented by making others miserable. But remember, fellow students, that this kind of conduct does not find favor in the eyes of the better class of young men. Remember that our Christian associations were not organized to foster a spirit of this kind; but, if such an element should be manifested in the least by any thoughtless students at the beginning of the spring term, we believe it to be the duty of the better element of the school to frown down upon such conduct.

We are not unconditionally opposed to "hazing", but believe there are instances when students who have too high an opinion of themselves should be made to realize their insignificance. In such cases "hazing" should be administered just in proportion to the needs of the individual. But let us continually bear in mind that the true manliness of an ideal student does not consist in a haughty indifference towards the "meek and lowly", but that to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you" is a prime duty to the "Scribe" as well as to the "Pharisee".

Prof. Miller's classes were unable to get anything out of him Monday, March 5th, after No. 55 time. From that time on he stood with his face plastered against a window looking across the hill in the direction of the hospital. Later on he was seen going to his room with a gun. It was reported that with difficulty he was kept from committing suicide over despondency. We wonder why?

Wanted—To know what young lady told Guy Cunningham to eat pickles instead of honey.

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T. W. HAUGHT, Keyser, W. Va.

Who heard Hattie hear the clock strike?

Horace Menefee was kept home a part of last week by a bad cold.

Maurice Perry was called home last week by the death of his grandmother.

Mr. Yankee, who attended school at the W. V. P., was with us again last Friday.

It was Saidie's turn to sigh when the train left for the Y. M. C. A. convention.

Mr. Elijah Rinehart, a former student, visited the school Monday, March 12th.

We are sorry to announce that Nellie Johnson was very sick with tonsillitis week before last.

Mr. Charles Shobe has returned to school after being called home by the illness of his mother.

Quite a number of students took part in the "trip around the world" last Tuesday night.

Will Barrickman and Herbert White were sent to Parkersburg as delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention March 8-11.

Guy Cunningham seems to have completed a course in electricity and is now doing practical work in his room.

Heber Parsons, of Romney, a former Prep. student, was among his friends here a day or two since our last issue.

Some of the boys must be looking forward to a period of bachelorhood, since they have organized a cooking school.

Miss Pearl Compton, one of the W. V. P. alumni, closed her school at Rees's Mills Friday, March 16, and returned home Saturday.

The members of the Senior class and several of the Junior class went to Piedmont on business relating to the school annual.

Orland Dunham, one of the commercial students, bade farewell to his school-mates week before last and started to Pittsburg, where he expects to take a position as stenographer.

Have you heard the latest song hit, "Du du, liegst mir in Herzen?"

The pictures for the annual were taken last Tuesday afternoon. This seemed to create so much excitement among the students that a number of classes had to be suspended.

W. L. Harman, a former student of the W. V. P. stopped over night in Keyser, on his way to Baltimore, where he will accept a position as railway mail clerk on the B. & O. railroad.

Mr. Claude Fertig, one of the teachers of Mineral county, was in town Saturday. Mr. Fertig expects to enter school again at the W. V. P. at the beginning of the spring term.

The Y. M. C. A. delegates who were sent to the Y. M. C. A. convention at Parkersburg made a short report Friday night, but owing to the smallness of the crowd the greater part of the report was deferred until the beginning of the spring term.

On the evening of March 17th, the W. S. G. class entertained their friends at a St. Patrick's party at the home of Nell Johnson. The house was decorated in green in honor of Erin's saint, at the same time bringing into effect the class colors, green and white. At seven-thirty the guests arrived decked with "bits o'grane" as requested and were shown to the parlor where a green shade over the light made them all feel their color. Conundrums, mostly Irish, were pinned around the room and made the crowd wish for a bit of Irish shrewdness, for they were hard ones. Then a potato race roused a lot of enjoyment, after which trinkets were passed around to be matched for supper. The tables were decorated in green, and a small potato tied with green ribbon at each place served as favors. After the delicious refreshments, the guests returned to the parlor where a rose hunt was announced. A rose was hidden for the boys to find and one for the girls. The lucky ones had to entertain the company, and did so by singing. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the search for and kissing of the Blarney stone. The guests were blind-folded in turn and told to hunt and kiss the stone. This took up much time and produced much merriment. Several of the girls tried to kneel before boys and kiss them for the stone. Music was dispersed throughout the evening. Twelve o'clock made the guests break away reluctantly, for all spent a most enjoyable time.

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WEBER'S FLOWERS.

Literary Societies.

The literary societies met Friday evening, March 16th, and elected officers for the spring term.

The following officers were elected:

REYNOLDS SOCIETY.

President, Homer A. Hott; Vice President, A. T. Dahmer; Secretary, Laura Lauck; Treasurer, Joe Spicer; Marshall, Hattie Wilson.

DAVIS SOCIETY.

President, Andrew Woolf; Vice Pres., Joe Grubb; Secretary, Sadie Friend; Treasurer, Inez McNeill; Marshall, Howard Dixon.

At the society meeting Prof. Haught announced to the societies that the faculty had adopted a resolution removing the compulsory attendance and performance at the literary societies, provided, that a sufficient number of the present members would retain their membership and agree to faithfully perform when placed upon the program.

We think that every student present promised to lend his aid towards the betterment of our literary societies. Remember fellow students, the success or failure of this new method of conducting our literary societies depends upon whether or not you keep the promise you made Friday night. Let us show our ability to run the literary societies without the intervention of the faculty, at the same time let us be careful of our conduct, and the kind of productions we give when placed upon the program. Humorous productions are appropriate and necessary at times to drive away our trouble and worry, but do not give anything foolish or "silly." Remember that before a severe restriction was placed upon us just because a few members of the societies persisted in giving foolish productions. Do not forget that if we act like children it is necessary for the faculty to treat us as such.

We hope there will be quite a lot of energy and enthusiasm put forth by the members of respective societies in soliciting members from the new students at the beginning of the spring term.

Those who were present at the Literary Society Friday, February 24, heard a very good and encouraging criticism of the performance, by Mr. Haught, whom Mr. Horn asked to act as critic for the evening. After criticising the productions, Mr. Haught remarked about the small attendance. He said that for some time the faculty had been considering the question of how to "renovate" the Literary Societies and make them a pleasant and entertaining part of the school. He asked the members to consider for a while conducting the societies themselves, without compulsory attendance, and later on their opinions would be called for; if the plan were then thought advisable it would be adopted. We all know how the societies have declined. The meetings are oppressive and the performers do just because they have to do. A good literary society is the life of a school and without it a school is incomplete. Our societies should be more than they are. We have good performers if they would only become interested. The only way for the meetings to become more profitable is for the students to go into a common agreement to get all the benefit out of the societies that they can and for one to do his part. The enjoyment of it all is taken away by compulsion, but as long as the students will not serve otherwise, this means must be used. Each society has its own hall, but for the past year both have been meeting together. Let them separate and go back to their respective rooms. Strengthen the forces and each person enter into the work willingly. Try this, students, and see if the societies do not take on more life and attraction. By carrying out this our Literary Societies will grow to be one of the prides of our school.

Hattie said that one time she had a new dress and hat and shoes and fell into the mud with them on. How funny!

Why did the knife point to Saidie when Bill cut the cake?

J. G. KOELZ,
BAKER.



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